

# Mama Turns Fapper

Pressing Problem of "What to Do With Our Mothers?" Overwhelms Their Sedate Progeny.

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Raymond B. Haversack, palpably highbrow and Harvard, and his 19-year-old sister Amy, admirably countrified and unperturbed of New York, were rocking on the piazza. Their chairs were placed to catch the thin October sun which fell upon a "sweetly pretty house" on the outskirts of a charming Long Island community. This, tucked away behind a screen of trees, which hid it from the incessant traffic of the turnpike road, was what their mother, Mrs. George Haversack, described as her "ownest little rabbit warren," and it was called, and neatly called, Spekeville. The whole thing spoke so eloquently. It was indeed, unable to keep silence. All the village knew its story.

Raymond had been through Harvard for nearly a year. He had not merely done extremely well; he had done brilliantly. As a relaxation from work he had run a celebrated weekly undergraduate paper, heavier than the New Republic, more thoroughly querulous than the Nation, in which he had written the leading articles, the book criticisms, and eventually all the correspondence. Also he had been president of the political league in his third year, and had introduced G. K. Chesterton to one of its meetings, at which the great paradox merchant had delivered an address characteristically entitled "Politics and Honor," to the great joy of all present.

Mother Had Left.

Now, the distinguished young man had not met his mother for five years. His vacations had been devoted to European travel in order that he might place wreaths upon the graves of all his foreign ancestors. It happened that sister Amy had been away from home for the same number of years, going from school to school. Her mother's theory had been that children, and especially girls, warped in the atmosphere of maternal influence. Brother and sister had met by appointment in the Haversack town house in Washington Square, in order to make their mother's acquaintance. George Haversack, the father, was dead—or rather he had buried himself on one of the "line islands," growing corn and cultivating poison ivy. He was a sad case.

Finally, that their mother had left New York for the week-end, they had spent an exciting Saturday in going to the matinee of "William" and the evening of "The White-Headed Boy" and had taken the Sunday morning train to Long Island to find mother and lunch. Raymond had read an act or two of "Back to Methuselah" to Amy on the way, to her unimpaired delight. She had never really understood George Bernard Shaw before. She had hitherto looked upon him as a mere humorous person and not as a prophet.

Visions of Accident.

Mrs. Haversack was motoring when they arrived in a loose-wheeled taxicab; and so they had taken possession of the rockers. They made no confidences. They hid their very natural feelings of filial emotion behind art quotations from Ibsen. Raymond "looked to find" a beautiful, mature woman, serenely autumnal, and exquisitely, serenely would place a pale, transparent hand upon his sloping shoulder and whisper brokenly, "My son, my Raymond, my genius," and the shock he received, as finding an Eleanor Glyn novel on the floor, dissipated when he remembered that personal maids are human. They were informed by the indifferent help that lunch was at half past one. At half past two hunger made one. At half past three, the visions of an accident receded. At last the shriek of anemol in great mental agony announced the arrival of a lobster-colored Stutz, and they hurried, almost youngling, to the entrance. From the top step they saw a flapper, with golden bobbed hair, a short skirt, and bare knees, leap from the car. She was followed by a short, girlishly-dressed boy, with over-long hair and a belted coat, whom she kissed under the callous eyes of an Irish chauffeur.

Mother and Tee-Tee.

"What is this, if you please?" asked Raymond, with arching eyebrows. "Surely this typical child of an exhausted civilization has come to the wrong—"

The flapper wheeled around. Amy let out a cry. "It's—my mother!"

Raymond was surprised into a platitude, in Greek. The little, jaunty, aromatic person saw the two pale, pedantic faces, gave a melodramatic start and sprang up the steps, flamboyantly. "Tee-Tee," she cried, "look at my darling babies!"

Tee-Tee giggled and twined herself into a self-conscious knot. Mrs. Haversack, the flapper, sprang into Raymond's arms, with a burst of nursery language. "Hassum tum to see its little mummy, den? Oh, Honey-boy, how tall and grave and"

George Green was standing around, and Isaac asked him to hold the overcoat, which cost \$40. George took the coat and held it while Isaac knocked the spots off the pool balls.

When Isaac got through he looked for George and the coat, and they were both gone.

Several months later Isaac recognized George on the street and called on Policeman Stanton to arrest him. It was done. George swore it was all a mistake and insisted that he had never seen Isaac nor the coat, but several witnesses identified him as the man who held the coat, and he got thirty days.

## Read "Busy Eyes," The New Serial

"Busy Eyes," by Marguerite Hurter, will be published daily in The Herald, beginning Sunday. It is a story you will not want to miss; one that will hold your attention from the first installment to the end.

The heroine of this thrilling serial supplies romance and human interest. Her first employer is a rouse; her second a handsome scamp; her third has a jealous wife. The fourth is middle-aged and wealthy with a wife who has eloped to Paris with another man, and a son who is fast becoming a "rounder."

How she finds her real metier, how love and happiness and wealth come to her at last, is thrillingly and graphically portrayed in this delightful serial.

"Busy Eyes" will appeal not only to the girl who works, but also to the man for whom she works—that man's wife, and the daughter who may have to work.

respectable it is! And, oh, what beautiful dry hair, so kinky and untinked. Toss oos lovey-mudder, boyse!

Younger Than Daughter.

The Harvard man held this strange young Canadian saloon. Only once before in his blameless life had he received so terrible a shock, and that was when he had been referred to in one of the papers as a Yale man. A serious nervous breakdown had then resulted.

"Mother," he cried. "Surely you are not taking part in a society fancy dress affair at this hour of the day and on a Sunday too!"

"And who, for mercy's sake," asked Amy, in the manner of one who hoists an automobile window hurriedly on approaching a fish-glove factory, "is this freakish youth?"

Mrs. George burst into a peal of spring-like laughter. It was amazing. She did not look a day older than seventeen—years younger than her pallid daughter. "Tee-Tee," she cried out, "come and show yourself. Rip Van Winkle and Mrs. Noah have never seen your sort before."

Mrs. Haversack screamed for joy. "Poor, dear out-of-date darlings," she spluttered. "Where have you been hiding your heads? Don't you know that mothers have all set back the clock and are flipping their fingers in the face of age? Wait until you see me dressed for dinner—"

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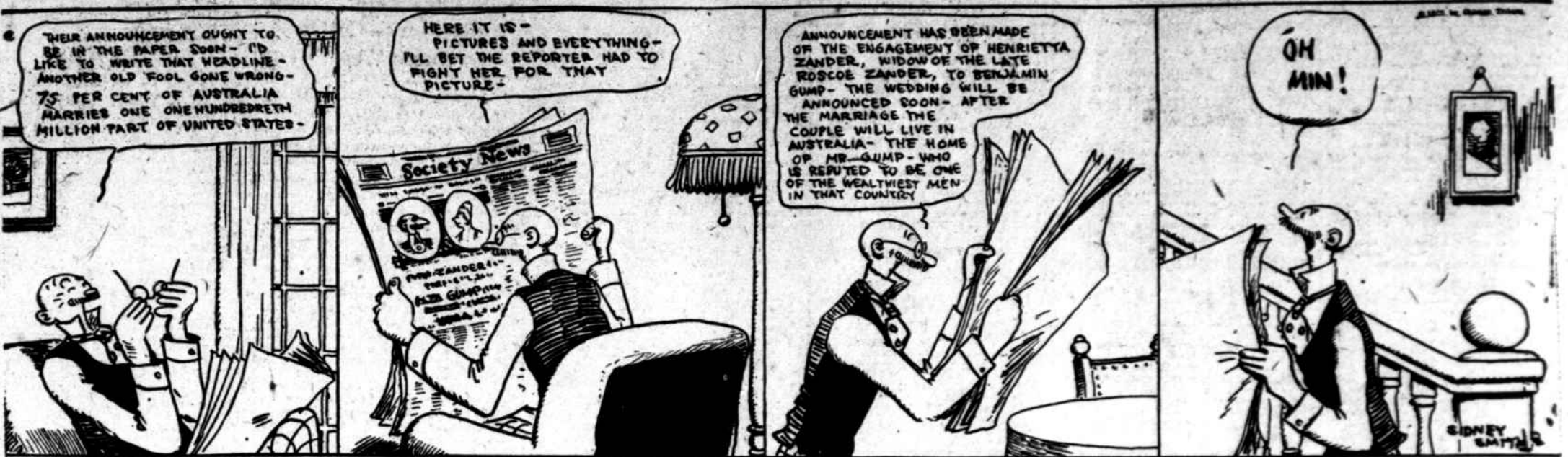
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## THE GUMPS

(A full page of The Gumps in the comic section of the Sunday Herald)

—By SMITH



And every day it's the same to-morrow! But what's all the hurry about? Why the hurry? Why the worry? Why the strained and pained expressions? Faces were not designed to look like that! Bodies were not intended to run on high every day and all day!

How about turning this into inventory day? Taking stock of energy expended, energy saved and the debit and credit after these days and days of rushing madly hither and yon?

How about talking business—straight, hard-headed business—to yourself? Make out a report for your own benefit as to just what you have lost in this scatterbrained, unsystematic process of life of yours, what you have gained, if anything. Figure it out like a sane business man, subtracting fully for deterioration. Figure what the end of one year, five, or ten years will be at this rapid rate of deterioration.

"Striking a Balance."

And then add it all up—and face yourself in the mirror as you are or as you will be at the end of a given time!

Put down on the debit side: Wrinkles due to the unrelenting hurry demon; irritation over trifling incidents en route; loss of temper, account insufficient sleep; worries over ridiculously petty things; set, tense expression due to lack of play in your life; gradually lowering vitality, due to the entire combination of foolishness—and what have you got?

If a business man had as many deficits as that, he'd shut up shop and walk out!

## Doris Blake's Answers to Love Problems

Dear Miss Blake: I am going to write you to see if you can give me an idea what to do. Last June I met a young man for three weeks, and then he was called away to work at another place, and he went to his home town. He was a railroad fellow. And he has written to me often, until he got off and took a trip and stayed three months, and when he came back he wrote to me. But the last time I heard from him was November 17, 1921. Can you tell me what made him do that way? He told me he had a girl friend, but he loved me better than her. He said he loved me more than his home town. He said he loved me more than his home town. He said he loved me more than his home town.

Doesn't seem to me there is anything at all that you can do. It's obvious that he wasn't earnest, and such being the case, added to the fact that you have no idea where he is, I think you had best look about for other suitors.

Dear Miss Blake: Since you have helped so many people with your problems, I wonder if you would also help me with mine.

I was out one evening with a young man who was very nice. He promised to call me up the following week but did not. I have seen him a number of times since but he has done no more than spoken casually to me. He has since been going with another girl a few times and I must admit I am just a trifle jealous. It happens that we belong to the same organization and necessarily see each other quite often. I am invited to attend a party and I am afraid he may think I am running after him. I should like to go to the party and not pay any attention to him or what do you think?

Thanking you in advance, I am, yours sincerely, "A WASHINGTON MAID."

## Memory Tests

Answers to These Questions Will Be Published Tomorrow.

1. What was the Missouri Compromise?
2. What causes friction?
3. Whom did Jack Dempsey defeat to win the world's heavyweight championship, where, when and number of rounds?
4. Who was called the "Shakespeare of painting"?
5. If not affected by disease or natural enemy, to what extent could one pair of rabbits multiply in four years?
6. Place the following quotation: "A Daniel come to judgment; yes, a Daniel!"
7. What is the salary of the Vice President?
8. Where are the three chief cotton markets of the world?
9. Who were the "black and tans"?
10. Who was the most celebrated physician and medical writer of ancient times?

## Rugs Low Priced

10x12 Good Quality Axminster Rugs, Oriental designs and colors. \$39.50 each; were \$49.50.

10x12 Figured Grass Rugs, \$1.35 each; were \$2.50.

1 lot Figured Grass Rugs, size 9x12. Specially priced, \$7.50.

6x12 Klearlax Rugs, discontinued colors—green, brown, natural, pink. \$31 each; were \$45.

4 Rugs, 8x10, \$25 each; were \$34.50.

2 Rugs, 30x60, \$29.50 each; were \$65.00.

5 Rugs, 3x6, \$5.50 each; were \$8.

8 Rugs, 27x54, \$2.50 each; were \$4.50.

Furniture, Bed and Rug Section, Sixth floor.

## Haviland China Reduced

12 Daintily Decorated Dinner Plates, 40c each; were 80c.

9 Decorated Tea Plates, 35c each; were 70c.

2 Decorated Casseroles, \$4.25 each; were \$8.

3 Decorated Covered Butter Dishes, \$1.95 each; were \$4.

2 Dainty Cream Jugs, 95c each; were \$2.

4 Decorated 10-inch Meat Dishes, \$1.95 each; were \$4.50.

14 Decorated Soup Plates, 35c each; were 70c.

1 Dainty Sugar Bowl, \$1; was \$2.50.

3 Decorated 12-inch Meat Platters, \$2.50 each; were \$5.

1 Decorated 14-inch Meat Dish, \$2.75; was \$5.50.

China Section, Fifth floor.

## Values Estate at \$12,700.

James B. Gilmore, who died February 15 last, left an estate valued at \$12,700, according to the petition for letters testamentary filed yesterday in Probate Court by Anne M. Gilmore, the niece and residuary legatee.

## Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.

## Friday Remnant Day Shoppers

Always Find It Economical to Buy Here

Remnant Day Merchandise is not returnable or exchangeable; not sent C. O. D. or on approval; mail or phone orders not accepted.

## A New Purchase of Women's TWEED SUITS That Are Unusually Low Priced at \$18.50

Fifty-five New Tweed Suits that were purchased underpriced from one of our best makers—duplicates of suits that have sold in our own stock at higher prices. Tailored of the popular Kelly cloth tweeds, in the wanted shades of tan, rose, new blues, helio, gray and brown. Straightline tailored styles, notch collars, belted, with various shape pockets—lined with silk peau de cygne. Sizes 34 to 42.

Women's Suit Section, Third floor.

## Smart Trimmed Hats Reduced to \$10

Thirty-six One-of-a-kind Trimmed Hats, selected from our regular stock—all are smart spring models—none have been here over to days, some are the last of lines that we cannot duplicate—others are models we bought for early display. High-grade designers—such as Gage, Rawak, and Warshauer—made these Hats—of fabrics and straw combinations.

ALSO THE FOLLOWING, TO CLOSE OUT—

75 Trimmed and Sports Hats, reduced to \$3.75. These formerly sold from \$5 to \$7.50.	41 Untrimmed Hats, reduced to \$1. These formerly sold at \$2.95 and \$3.95.	32 Sports Felt Hats, reduced to \$1.45. The popular Piping Rock in colors.
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## Flowers and Wreaths Reduced to 25c, 50c, 95c

Two groups of unusually low-priced flowers—in small and medium size clusters; also fruits, etc. 25c and 50c. A group of attractive wreaths of flower and fruit combinations. 95c.

Milinery Section, Third floor.

## Willow and Reed Furniture Reduced

1 Natural Willow High Back Magazine Potted Chair, slightly crooked in weave. \$8.75; was \$16.50.

1 Medium size Pine Quality Reed Desk, with drawer and lower shelf; green enamel finish; slightly marred. \$17.75; was \$28.50.

1 Gray Enamel Reed Fiber Arm Chair, with cretonne seat and back. Reduced to \$8.75.

2 Brown Wicker Reed Fiber Rockers. Reduced to \$4.95 each.

1 High-grade Hand-carved Frosted Brown Reed Table. \$3.75; was \$19.

1 Old Ivory Reed Table Lamp. \$8.75; was \$16.50.

2 Hand-decorated Pine Reed Service or Tea Table, finished in o'd blue; slightly soiled. \$8.75; was \$27.50.

1 Fine Reed Work Basket, which stands on the floor. \$2.25; was \$7.50.

1 Reed Sewing Cabinet, ivory enameled and padded with cretonne. \$4.75; was \$12.50.

2 Woven Seat, 4 ft. Reed Fiber Settees. Greatly reduced to \$7.75.

1 Frosted Brown Reed Fiber Arm Chair, upholstered spring seat. \$12.75; was \$17.75.

Willow and Reed Section, Fifth floor.

## 10 Dozen Women's Italian Silk Camisoles \$1.65; were \$2.50

In white, pink, black and navy blue; low neck and sleeveless. Sizes 36 to 44. An excellent value at this low price.

## 25 Dozen Women's Swiss Ribbed Cotton Vests Special, 25c each

Bodice style with strap shoulders—these have been placed, which, however, does not affect their wearing quality. Extra shirring straps; envelope and closed styles, in white or pink; size 6; slightly soiled. 55c each; were 75c.

## 19 Women's Jersey and Swiss Ribbed Cotton Vests, low neck, sleeveless. Size 6; slightly soiled. 25c each; were 35c.

## 21 Women's Jersey Ribbed Cotton Combination Suits; low neck, sleeveless and bodice styles with tape shirring straps; envelope and closed styles, in white or pink; size 6; slightly soiled. 55c each; were 75c.

Women's Suit Underwear Section, Fourth floor.

## GLASSWARE

20 Dozen Colonial Glass Table Tumblers. Special, 45c dozen.

18 Floral Cut Glass Salt and Pepper Shakers, 15c each; were 25c.

12 Cut Glass Footed Sherbets, 50c each; were \$1.75.

4 Block Pattern 6-piece Glass Water Sets, \$1.95 each; were \$2.75.

Glassware Section, Fifth floor.

## Good Morning, Judge!

By Rudolph Perkins.

One day Isaac Tindall went into a pool room. He asked Jesse Smith to hold his coat while he played, and Jesse refused. Then he asked Jesse to play pool with him and the man refused to do this also.

George Green was standing around, and Isaac asked him to hold the overcoat, which cost \$40. George took the coat and held it while Isaac knocked the spots off the pool balls.

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